

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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Popular Tales.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE HUGUENOTS.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

By Daniel Wise.

'Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us.'

'Weeping again, sister Margaret? What fresh occasion of *disquietude* has lighted on thy poor heart, like some dark bird of prey? But, why this question? Who can find peace in the bosom of the papal church now, that, like a filthy vulture, she nestles in the gore of the innocent Protestants?—Cease, my sister, to cleave to her unholy communion! Shake off the yoke of her wretched priesthood! Break the fetters her withering superstitions have wound round thy fluttering soul, and breathe the hallowed inspirations of that Divine Spirit, whose touch is purity, whose presence is liberty and love.'

'Cease, Henry! Thy reproofs kill me! Too long have they fallen unheeded on my thoughtless ear! Too long have I resisted the claims of truth, but, O how hard to break the chains our dear departed mother threw over my obedient mind! Long since would Margaret de Mortville have taken the name of Huguenot, but for the mysterious spell of her loved instructions. O, Henry! our mother's sweet countenance, clouded with sadness, and flashing with displeasure, has often seemed to frown upon me as I have attempted to relinquish the communion of the church of my infancy and youth.'

'Sister, thou art superstitious! Our

mother saw not the light that blazes on our path. Nursed in the lap of the Catholic communion, and judging of its purity by her own high-souled integrity, she refused to believe the stories of papal abomination that the daring Luther and the intrepid Melancthon dragged before the astounded world and denounced with such powerful anathemas. Taught to consider the heretic as the *accursed of God*, she trembled at the name of heresy, and hated the Huguenot as a reptile unfit to breathe. With us, it is different. We see the light. We *know* the character of the proud harlot church—the base antichrist of Rome—the indulgences of Tetzels, that tool of Satan—the bloody tortures of the fiendish inquisitors of Spain and Italy, the cruel massacres of that Spanish butcher, the Duke of Alva, in the Netherlands, and the unsparing ferocity of the Guises, which has saddened the fair soil, and crimsoned the sweet rivers of France with Huguenot blood, are sufficient to convince us of our duty. Had our sainted mother seen what we see, think you her free soul would not have indignantly spurned the papal yoke? Yes, my sister! and often has the idea, that her pure spirit smiled approvingly, nerved my arm in the battle field and fired my soul in the house of prayer.'

'Enough, brother, I have made the sacrifice! Henceforth, I worship in the free temples of the doomed Huguenots. Henceforth, like the affectionate Ruth I exclaim, 'Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.'

'Praised be the name of the Most High; and may He arm thee for the trials which

will follow this noble act of self-dedication to a bleeding cause !'

'He will ! I feel the assurance of His aid. I am willing to suffer. Yes ! my brother. Let them drag this fragile form to their murderous rack—let them bury it in the dungeons of the Bastile, or make it the sport of the martyr-flame, Margaret de Mortville is ready for the sacrifice. If Jesus calls me to its endurance, he will afford abundant aid, and better is his love with persecution, than quiet with insult !'

'Insult ! Who speaks of insult to the sister of Henry de Mortville ?'

'Brother, smooth that brow. The angry pride of our ancestors must not triumph over the meekness of the disciple of Jesus.'

'True, but the insult ! Speak ! I am impatient !'

'This day, at the confessional, Father Gregory, after hearing my confessions, instead of refreshing my soul with holy counsel, discoursed on such loathed topics, that regardless of the sanctity of the place I rushed confused and degraded from the confessional, and——'

'Wretch ! Caitiff priest ! Hypocrite !—Margaret ! my soul burns with sacred ardor to sweep God's temples of such priestly monsters, as Joshua once swept the idolatrous Canaanite from the Holy Land.'

'Forbear, Henry. Know you not that vengeance belongeth unto the Lord ? That insult determined me to yield to those convictions your constant entreaties had created ; on my return, I bowed before the Lord and solemnly renounced the communion of Rome ; beads, rosary, missal and all the relics of my former devotion to her profaned altars I burned, and now stand ready to lay my body on the altar of martyrdom in defence of my newly adopted faith. My resolve was strengthened by news from our friends in Holland, over whose deliverance I was weeping tears of joy when you entered.'

'What, is Alkmaer saved ?'

'It is ; and Alva has withdrawn his army.'

'Praised be the God of Jacob ! but how were they delivered ?'

'The tale is melancholy, and yet it hath a joyous end. The siege had reduced them to fearful extremities. Famine added to the horrors of war, and the resolute Alkmaerians fed on fish skins taken from the lunghills. Cats, rats, cow-skins and whittened bones were counted savory dishes. Even these failed them, and nothing but death appeared in prospect. Then, the pestilence began its ravages, when in the hour of their extremity God arose in their behalf. A high wind and tide elevated the waters, and the fleet was enabled to throw provisions into the town ; and then, the fierce Duke de Alva was compelled to raise the siege. This confirmed my resolution, for I know that the Vatican favors the ferocious Duke in his atrocious plans ; and I asked if Jesus could own a Church, whose delight was in the cruel destruction of those, whose only crime is an unwillingness to partake in her iniquities.'

'True, thou reasonest well ; but I must hasten to Maria. Her soul will rejoice at the news from Alkmaer and from thee.—She shall see thee to-night. Farewell.'

The preceding conversation was between Henry de Mortville and his sister, the only representatives of an ancient but decayed French family : they resided in an old chateau a short distance from the city of Rochelle. Shortly after his father's death, young Mortville had embraced the cause of the Protestant reformers, and had been its defender in the council and in the field. Possessed of courage, zeal, and an ardent mental temperament, he had embarked in that persecuted cause with much warmth, and had signalized himself by many an act of daring during the civil wars that had raged in France for several years. His vicinage to the Protestant city of Rochelle, the influence of the father of his betrothed, Maria Montcalm, together with the known adherence of his sister to the popish communion, had hitherto saved his chateau from the flames and his estate from confiscation. At the time of our narrative, 1572, he was about thirty years of age ; his sister was some years younger, and was remarkable chiefly for the strength of her

intellect and the zealous enthusiasm of her attachment to religion; this she had shown by a faithful adherence to the church of Rome, during the ten years since her mother's death, in opposition to all her brother's entreaties and arguments. When she changed her faith, she transferred that enthusiasm, as the reader has seen, from the cause of popery to that of Protestantism.

A brief sketch of the stirring history of the times will now be necessary to make the remainder of our tale intelligible.

For several centuries the hierarchy of Rome had wielded the destinies of Europe with terrific sway. From small beginnings it had thrown a cloud of superstitious awe and priestly dread over the common mind; so terrible was the power of that dread that the most chivalric princes of Europe had been taught to tremble, like the quivering aspen, before the roaring of popish bulls and the booming thunder of the Vatican. Obediently they learned to submit, and at one period the haughty heroes of tilt and tournament—the brave spirits of the crusades were content to permit the foot of the triple-crowned pontiff to rest in triumph on their necks. The corruption of this wonderful church kept pace with its power, until debauchery, lying, gluttony and drunkenness were common characteristics of its priesthood. The use made of auricular confession by Father Gregory, as above described, was common in those days of priestly pollution. 'McGavin's Protestant' furnishes ample proof of this, and the other statements here made of the character of the papal priesthood. At last the people sickened at the open wickedness of their teachers, and the princes of Europe began to secretly question the divine right of Popes to give away their crowns.

At this crisis, 1517, the reigning Pope having exhausted his treasury by licentious and sensual pleasures, published his bull in favor of plenary indulgences to those who had money enough to pay for them. Tetzl, a bloated, drunken monk, was his salesman for these hellish licenses in Germany.

Fortunately for pure Christianity it had one to defend its purity there. The learned monk of Wittenburg rushed to its defence. Almost alone and single-handed he dashed into the arena, and boldly threw down the gauntlet to the whole papal church. He denounced it as fallen. He declared its fallibility. He thundered the doom of heaven against it! The act was bold, fearfully bold—a poor, powerless monk waging war with the whole hierarchy of Rome! But the crisis was favorable—the proof of his positions was written in every sunbeam—the people saw it—they had long seen it; like a pent-up tide, they had been restrained, hitherto, by fear, from speaking out; but Luther opened the flood gates, and mighty was the torrent that rushed to overwhelm the pride of Rome.

The Reformation soon grew formidable and spread rapidly through the nations of Europe. France received its doctrines at a very early period, but from the beginning sorely persecuted their believers.—There, the reformers were in derision called Huguenots from Hugon, a hobgoblin. These persecutions continued with little intermission for many years, but still Huguenotism increased, and its adherents were found among all ranks from the inmates of the royal palace to the rude occupants of the vine-clad cottage. From 1562 to 1570 fierce civil wars had raged, but then, both parties, wearied with strife, agreed to a cessation of arms. Religious toleration was to be enjoyed in all but walled cities; two cities in a province were assigned to the Protestants, and to cement the peace more firmly a marriage was proposed between Henry of Navarre, a Protestant prince, and the Catholic sister of King Charles. This marriage was celebrated in the month of August, 1572. But we return to our narrative.

Upon leaving Margaret, Henry hastened to the neighboring chateau of Montcalm. Its owner, like de Mortville, was a remote branch of a decayed family; he was, however, a widower upon whom some sixty winters had shed their shrivelling frosts.—

Between him and Mortville's father, a long and close intimacy had subsisted, and the latter at his death had desired the future union of their two houses in the persons of Henry and of Maria Montcalm. But Montcalm was a devoted Catholic, and when young Mortville became a Protestant, though he did not entirely break off the connexion, yet he sternly forbade their union, until the suitor should renounce his heresies. To his mortification, however, he had to witness the entrance of these heresies into his own family; his own daughter becoming a convert to the reformed religion.— This was a severe trial, as he was fondly attached to her, and she was his only child.

Maria, herself, was about twenty-four years of age, tall, graceful and majestic in her person, of beautiful countenance, and highly intellectual for the age in which she lived. She had been from childhood the object of Henry's affection, and but for her father's opposition, and the terribly unsettled state of the times, they would, long before, have been united.

Entering her apartment, Mortville acquainted her with the information contained in the preceding part of our narrative, and then they wended their way to Mortville's chateau.

'My ever dear Margaret,' exclaimed Maria, as they met, 'my soul magnifies the Lord for your emancipation from the bonds of papal Rome. Long have I looked for this bright hour—often have I prayed under the shadows of midnight that your soul might see the light. To God be glory my now more than sister!'

Having exchanged their greetings, Maria produced a piece of needle work she wished her friend to imitate. It was wrought work representing a fox in the garb of a monk, grinning horribly as he performed the ceremony of the mass.* This strong caricature of a ceremony she had so recent-

* This mode of helping on the reformation was commonly followed by French ladies of that period. The Queen of Navarre was the first inventor of these silent opponents of Catholicism.

ly renounced, shocked the feelings of Margaret for a moment; when Henry, aided by the significant allusion, remarked,

'I hope King Charles may not prove more fox than monarch with our good friends at Paris. Presentiments, like clouds, flit over me in spite of myself, and seem to whisper that all is not right beneath the pacific surface of the Court.'

'Hush, my brother!' replied Margaret, 'long acquaintance with persecution hath made thee suspicious. Sportive and changeful, as our good King is, he cannot intend evil in his recent kindnesses to the Huguenots. He has felt too much, already, of the vigor of their arms.'

'Call you the blood-thirsty Charles our good King?' answered Henry. 'Believe me, little but treachery lurks in his popish bosom, and well will it be for our cause if the politic Coligny be not snared in the toils of the destroyer. May a gracious heaven forefend him!'

'Treason! Treason!' exclaimed a hoarse voice at the door. The ladies turned pale, and Henry rushed to the door to punish the intruder. It was, however, only De Vinne, the friend of Henry and the suitor of Margaret. He was also a Reformer, and made the exclamation in jest.

Tranquility being restored, Maria remarked,

'I too have feared, much and deeply, that no good would come from that hated marriage. Charles has not given his sister to Navarre for nought. With you, I have forebodings; but surely Coligay cannot be duped!'

'Coligny,' observed De Vinne, who it seems was as treasonable as the rest despite of his exclamation, 'is only a man.—Politie as he is, Charles beguiles him with his flattery and so bedazzles him, that he sees not with half his usual penetration. I fear that the marriage of the prince will rouse the Catholic blood of the Parisian rabble, and Charles would do little to stop their murderous fury. But the deed is past, and we shall soon hear its results.—Hark! A horse hard pressed is in the courtyard!'

'May Jehovah defend us from evil!' exclaimed Henry.

'Amen!' said every voice, when in rushed a man breathless and soiled with hard riding. Panting with exhaustion he exclaimed,

'Henry de Mortville, secure thy life!—Bloody deeds are doing in France! This packet will explain all;' and throwing a small packet upon the table he hastily retreated, and remounting his horse dashed into the road leading to Rochelle.

Mortville broke the seal and tore open the packet. It read thus:

'DE MORTVILLE:

A bloody deed is done! Admiral Coligny is basely murdered, and a horrid massacre deluges the streets and houses of Paris with blood. Charles himself goads the destroyers to their work! The Duke of Guise is at the head of his dragoons, crying, 'Courage—the game is in our toils.' The *canaille* of Paris are aiding in the work. The best Huguenot blood in France is flowing. Thousands are already dead. Where it will end, I know not! Take care of thyself and neighbors, and of Rochelle.

DE CHARTRES.'

'Merciful Heaven defend us!' exclaimed the ladies, horror stricken at this terrible news.

Henry and De Vinne groaned, and grasped their swords, and then recollecting himself, the former remarked:

'When will God avenge the blood of his people? My soul sickens at this horrid tragedy. But we must away. The butchers of Paris will soon scent our Protestant blood. Our safety lies now in the strength of the good walls of Rochelle.' Then, turning to his betrothed, who stood weeping and supporting the terrified Margaret, he said:

'Now, Maria, you will surely follow us and share our wretched fortune. This last, worst deed of all will suffice to lead you to forsake a roof whose owner, father though he be, will smile at the massacre of your spiritual brethren and sisters!'

'Is that the Christian de Mortville who asks a child to forsake her only parent?

Never! while he needs my filial devotion! Leave my father! Who shall then pillow his aged head in sickness? Who shall watch the weakness of his failing nature? Who shall close his eyes in death? Who will be at hand to minister the balm of Christian hope in his hour of distress? Answer, Henry! if Maria Montcalm should not be that ministering angel? Say if the Huguenot cause could triumph with a parricide among its friends?'

'But,' answered the excited lover, 'he will surrender thee as a fair prey to the butchers of Paris. Though he loves thee as a child, yet he hates thee as a heretic; and this terrible massacre will so rouse his Catholic blood, that he will hand thee, as an incorrigible heretic, to be the sport of the soldier's lust and fury!'

'Peace! de Mortville! You mistake my father. Sacrifice his daughter! Never! though she were the genius of heresy itself! But speak that base suspicion again, and by the love I bear our cause, I swear never to be the bride of Henry de Mortville!'

'Forgive me, Maria! my blood is hot. This terrible news sends unwonted heat through my excited frame. But once more, I ask, will you accompany me to Rochelle?'

'Never, Henry, while my father lives! I am his child, and our religion teaches fidelity and love to those who gave us being. And what faithless child ever made affectionate wife?'

'Thou art right, Maria. My uncrucified passions often betray me into hasty language, while sweet consideration restrains thee. Forgive my rashness of word and purpose, and now let me conduct thee home.'

The murderous intelligence sent in the brief note of De Chartres, the reader will readily perceive to be a sketch of the bloody proceeding at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 12, 1572. It commenced at Paris, and rapidly extended over the principal cities and towns of France, and it is estimated, by some writers, that from fifty to one hundred thousand Hu-

guenots perished, sad victims to Roman Catholic vengeance.

Two months after the abovementioned facts, a small vessel anchored at Spithead near the English town of Portsmouth crowded with French refugees, seeking a quiet asylum from religious persecution in a foreign land. Among these were De Mortville, his sister and her lover.

Various were the plans adopted by De Mortville, to secure himself a comfortable subsistence. Scheme after scheme, however, failed, and the wreck of his French estates, he had brought with him, was rapidly diminishing; when, as a dernier resort, he purchased a small fishing smack and commenced the arduous and uncertain business of fisherman. Success, at last, attended the efforts of our refugee. Several seasons beheld him increasing his little store, when he received a communication from France informing him of the death of Miss Montcalm's father, and her readiness to join him in England.

Upon this intelligence, he resolved to sail for his bride in his own vessel. Aware of the existence of several desperate rovers in the neighborhood of the English channel, he furnished himself with arms, ammunition and a strong, efficient crew, and thus equipped, sailed for Rochelle, which he reached in safety.

This city still remained in the hands of the Protestants, and he was therefore safe from his Catholic enemies while within its walls. Here, he celebrated his marriage with Maria, and after a few days embarked and sailed with a fair wind for England.

Scarcely had they reached the open bay when the well known flag of the rover appeared in sight. To put back was now impossible, as the rover could cut off their retreat; their only hope therefore, lay in out-sailing her, and of this there was scarcely any chance from the known qualities of the rover's vessel.

De Mortville now crowded all sail; he begged his bride to calmly wait the event in her cabin; and then, he and his men providing themselves with their arms, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as pos-

sible. Meanwhile, the pirate gained rapidly upon them, and soon hailed them with a shot from her bow 'bull-dog' that made the splinters fly on board the smack, but without doing any other damage.

Finding escape hopeless, De Mortville told his men to lie flat on the deck and cover themselves with a tarpaulin, awaiting his signal. He then shortened sail—the rover run up, threw her grappling irons; and her commander, followed by a stream of savage looking sailors, leaped on board, sword in hand.

De Mortville was ready to give him a warm reception, for no sooner had the pirate chief placed his foot on deck, than taking deliberate aim, he shot him through the heart, and at the same moment shouting 'The sword of the Lord and of the Huguenot!' his men leaped from their covering and rushed upon their fierce boarders. Seeing their leader fall, and surprised at such unexpected resistance, they were daunted at first, but soon gathered courage from witnessing the inferior number of their opponents.

Both sides now fought with great fury. De Mortville, after reaping down several of his opponents, fell, covered with wounds, and victory was turning on the side of the pirates, when the cry of 'Sail ho! sail ho!' from the look out on board the rover, aroused the attention of all the combatants. Looking round, they saw a cutter, bearing the red lion of England on her flag, crowding all sail to the scene of battle. Confounded, the boarders retired, slipped their grappling irons, and made sail, though not before they had discharged a broadside on their late opponent.

Unfortunately, the shot struck the fragile smack between wind and water, and in a moment the sea poured in violently upon her. What remained of the crew cut away their boat and shoved off as she sunk. Just as she disappeared, one of the number cried, 'The lady! the lady!' But it was too late. Maria Montcalm was gone. She and her husband lay in the same ocean cave. One in life, they were one in death. Living, they were martyrs to their relig-

ious faith; and it was the persecution of zealots that drove them to forsake the hearths of their ancestors, and in doing that, they perished by the hand of violence.

The pirate was taken by the cutter, which returned and picked up the crew of the boat and carried them to England. These informed Miss Mortville of the death of her brother and his wife. She bore the unwelcome tidings with Christian fortitude, and after a few months married De Vinne; and their descendants may be found scattered through the island, to this day.

SONG.

BY L. E. LONDON.

Farewell!—and never think of me
In lighted hall or lady's bower!
Farewell!—and never think of me
In spring, sunshine or summer hour!—
But when you see a lonely grave,
Just where a broken heart might be,
With not one mourner by its sod,
Then—and then only—THINK OF ME!

The Essayist.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

WOMAN.

I despise the man who affects contempt for Woman; he bears the marks of an arrogant hypocrite; half his actions belie him. There is nothing in Woman's character *essentially* different from man's: they both originated in the same creative power, and are both doomed to the same dissolution; both are immortal, both are human; both possess ability to fill their stations, and answer the end of their existence.

The most inveterate *woman-hater* whom history records, was so traitorous to his animosity as to marry thrice, fully demonstrating that he had no antipathy for woman, if she could sustain the relation of *slave*, a relation which ancient marriages enjoined. And this man was a fair representative of his sex, who, so far from despising woman, are oftenest made the marks of Cupid's surest arrows, and are most frequently entangled in the wide-spread coils of hy-men.

Reason and experience teach the equality of the sexes: not that they are equally capable to fill the *same* stations, but, that in their respective stations they are both *indispensable*. Let that man who would laugh at female weakness, and her incapacity to fill the lofty offices of man, reverse the picture, and consider what a sorry appearance he would make in the place of woman. Nature, analogy and reason declare that man and woman are intended for different spheres of action, and it is folly in either to complain of their appointments or overstep their boundaries. What shall be said of those, who, so false to woman's nature, contend for equal rights at the Legislature and the polls? Grant this privilege and what follows? Of course, equal obligations on the battle field and on the ocean. These rights are consecutive and dependent. All who legislate, if necessary, must stand to enforce the acts of their legislation at the point of sword and bayonet, at the expense of life and property. But we rejoice that the number of these modern *Amazons* is very small, and the few who have the hardihood to advocate such sentiments are rather *liels* on female character, than true representatives of their sex.

Leave martial strife and political contention to man; another sphere is woman's. A sagacious writer remarks:—"When men sit on the throne, women rule," and the remark possesses as much truth as triteness. A virtuous woman may exert a powerful, though silent influence; *she may hold the heart of man*. Instance the example of the lamented Montgomery, an Irishman by birth, an American by adoption. He came to America some years before the revolution, in the capacity of captain of the British Grenadiers: about three years before the war he quitted the service of his king, married the amiable daughter of Judge Livingston, of the state of New York, and under the all-conquering influence of love, enlisted in the service of America and enrolled his name among her noblest worthies. He fell, in an attempt on Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775, re-

deeming his last pledge to his wife, "You shall never blush for your Montgomery." Nor is this the only instance in female biography, where the affection of devoted woman has swayed the stern purpose of man. "Thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son," was the language of Coriolanus, when the adamantine citadel of his heart was carried by the influence of woman, and he led his threatening legions from the gates of Rome. Who has not dwelt with satisfaction over the history of the noble Cornelia and her jewels? and who has not burned with indignation that female character should have ever been disgraced by the headstrong audacity of a Tullia?

Woman is more sensitive than man: her heart is more open to the cries of humanity, and her benevolence ceases only with the objects of charity or the means at her disposal. How like an angel of kindness when she hovers around the couch of sickness, how attentive to every call, how divine, how perfectly answering the couplet of Scott:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

But woman's greatest influence lies in the *education of her offspring*: here, if possible, she has greater responsibility than man. It is hers to give direction to tho't and tone to feeling; she stamps on the plastic mind of youth an image that will remain forever. *The mother's influence will last through eternity.*

Of all the virtues that adorn female character none is more lovely than *modesty*. Not that fastidious squeamishness which is full of affectation, but the retiring diffidence of the distrustful soul. The modest violet attracts the gaze of a hundred travellers, while the more gaudy and ostentatious flower is passed unnoticed.

How essential to female character is *moral rectitude and virtue*. The man who has lost his reputation in one place may regain it in another: not so with woman: if her character is lost, it is lost *forever*; the cold world has no sympathy for her, and her penitential tears can never atone for

her sullied reputation. In ease and prosperity, deformity may lurk undetected in a thousand forms; but when days of adversity draw nigh; when friends forsake and riches fail; when the fairest fruits of virtue are blasted by slander, and the virtuous fall victims to foul-mouthed calumny, then the soul is thrown entirely on its own resources and its God, and happy the one who in this trying hour can look within, and see reflected from the mirror of conscience an image of ethereal loveliness. D.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

SNOW FLAKES.

BY C. THERESA CLARKE.

First-born of the season! gay things of the air!

Pray what with your buoyance and grace will compare;

In your fairy-like dance toward earth from the sky,

On those white, spirit-pinions that merrily fly?

The storm-king hath nodded, ye beautiful ones!

And sent ye as messengers from your dark homes,

Where he gathers the tempests in power and might

And wrappeth around him the robe of the night!

Snow-flakes! in your purity, fily ye shew
How high gifts and holy are wasted below;

How the soul whence ascended a seraph-like hymn,

On the altar of passion is laid to grow dim:—

And the pearl drops that gave unto virtue its sway,

Are dried up at their sources, or melted away.

Thus is it with youth in its fresh opening dawn,

When the sun shines at midday your glory is gone;

So affection that's lavished too freely, will
shew

No emblem so apt as the new-fallen snow!

Springfield, Ms., Nov. 20.

The Young Lady.

MISFORTUNE AND EXILE EN-
NOBLED.

BY MADAME JUNOT, DUCHESS D'ABRAN-
TEES.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, whilst crossing the market-place, he was compelled to stop, by a long row of wagons all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagoners, who, by the by, were young and pretty country women. Suddenly the vehicle came to a stand, and the eyes of Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips; it attracted the attention of the lovely one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, and, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, burst out laughing. "What! is it you?" exclaimed she. "Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?" "I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market." At this moment the wagons began to move along; she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, and told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requested him earnestly to come and see her, and disappeared, leaving him as rivetted on the spot by this strange apparition. Who was this young market woman?—Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin. (Mademoiselle de Dillon,) the most elegant among the ladies of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers.

At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and, like all the ladies who held a rank at the Court,

had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her high, fashionable, and country life. Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of the woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfume under the gilded ceiling of the Royal Palace of Versailles, when, all at once, she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every danger besetting her young and beloved husband, and her infant child. They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the paternal roof, for no hiding place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood. The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat.

But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continued praises of her beauty and talents. Monsieur de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the Court of France, he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of admiration; indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now, in a foreign land and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793,) what was the use of courtly refinements? A thorough knowledge of "La Bonne Fermiere" of Parmentier seemed to him far more preferable to a rondeau of Clementi or La Coquett of Herman.

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the peril he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the foresight of a good father and kind husband, he nerved himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them was exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently and admirably well. They boarded at Mrs Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain, and well meaning woman might be the cause of great ennui to

his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Talleyrand and the high minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of his sad transition, (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit,) he felt such pangs and heart throbbings as to make him apprehensive, on his return to Mrs Muller's, to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile, his good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand and repeat to him "Happy husband! happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, where they were to be at least exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-at-all-trades, viz., gardener, footman and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake. It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his garden to gather some fruits, and tarried as long as possible.—On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her, he entered the kitchen and saw a young country woman, who with her back to the door, was kneading the dough; her arms, of snowy whiteness, were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started; the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife.

At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "O! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me, I am as expert as Mrs Muller." Too full of emotion to speak, he clasped her hands to his bosom, and kissed her fervently. From his inquiries he learned that, when he had thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs Muller and her servants; and, after six months, had become skilful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," said she, "if you knew how easy it is. We, in a moment, understand what would cost a country woman one or two years. Now we shall be happy,

you will no longer be afraid of ennui for me, nor I of your doubt about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking at him with a bewitching smile. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake to-morrow. To-day the bread of the town will do; but oh! henceforth leave it to me." From that moment Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word; moreover, she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheese. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after, he went to pay her a visit, and met her in the poultry yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chickens and hens. Truly might have been said to her,

*From thee unfledged birds receive their food,
And all that live know well that thou art good.*

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health was so much improved that she seemed less fatigued with the house work than if she had attended the balls of a winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the new world.—M. de Talleyrand told her so. "Indeed!" replied she, with naivette; "Indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and every where proud of her personal attractions." At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room holding his jacket in his hand with a long rent in the back.—"Missus, him jacket tore; please mend him." She immediately took a needle and repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

Selected for the Poarl by 'Warbeck.'

SHE KNEW SHE WAS DESERTED.

She knew she was deserted: and when once

The full conviction settled on her mind
That he had left her, she broke through
the spell

Which had enchained her heart's strong
energies,

And was herself again. No longer bound
By love's despotic power, she strove to fill

The aching void in life with her rich
thoughts,
Which sprang again unfettered, and es-
say'd
With fancy's dream to charm the weary
hours
And cheer the isolated solitude
Which he had left around her. She de-
spised
His utter selfishness, and yet 'twas long
Ere her crushed spirits could revive, with
all
Their early elasticity and power.

She knew that they were parted, and
forever,
As wide as though the broad Atlantic's
waves
Between them rolled, or death had form-
ed a gulf
Darker and deeper than the trackless sea.
She cared not; the sky of their own land
Spread the same clouds and sunshine o'er
them both,
'Twere all the same to her—she only felt
That the heart's chain was broken, and
that life
Were all alike in any place or part
Of the vast universe. It was a blank;
The future nothing, and the past one
thought
Of his inconstancy. This haunted her
With an undying memory, blighting hope,
And making the green earth a desert
waste.

She asked not why he had forsaken her,
If wealth had bought his love, or beauty
made
To his own conscience an apology
For broken vows? Whatever it might be,
She deemed that hers was but the 'com-
mon lot,'

And called on reason and philosophy
To dissipate the heart's first agony.
Philosophy and reason? oh, how vain
Their lessons to the feelings! they but
teach
To hide them deeper, and to show a calm,
Unruffled surface to the idle gaze:

And yet she studied them till passion's
force

Yielded to their cold precepts, and her
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Surmounted woman's weakness. She had
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To see his love decrease by slow degrees;
So slight the change at first, it was not
seen,

But only felt—a doubt, a dread, a pang—
Passing at intervals across her heart,
And waking many a dark and bitter
thought

Of man's inconstancy;—but when the
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Flashed suddenly upon her, clear and
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The anguish and the bitterness were past,
The fountains of affection in her heart
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As men love, who love often. Hers had
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A single sentiment for one alone—

An all-engrossing passion, which had
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Fled from her heart, and faith—vain faith
in man—

Slid from its resting place, and then she
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That love which clung to aught of earth-
ly mould,

As well were cast on the unstable sea
Or the inconstant winds. Change pass-
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And toucheth all things human as it
sweeps

O'er nature's face, with ever varying
shades.

And so it came at last—at last, to her—
The change from her cold love, to deep
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For woman's heart, though it forgiveth
much

And trusteth long, is stronger in its scorn
As it has greatly felt its trust deceived.

The Wife

THE DISCHARGED WORKMAN.

'James,' said his employer, 'James, you are an excellent workman; I am quite satisfied with your conduct; during the ten years you have been employed in my factory, you have gained every one's esteem and friendship; but you see how it is; we have nothing more to do; business is at an end. But you must keep up courage, my poor James; as soon as any thing offers, I will let you know; at present I have no occasion for your services.'

The workman heard these words, which although uttered in a tone of feelingness and pity, sounded in his ears like a sentence of want and misery pronounced upon his wife and children. His eyes were mournfully fixed on the ground as he stretched forth his hand to receive the amount of his last week's wages and a certificate of character.

Unable to answer a single word, he slowly took the road homeward. Big tears dropped from his eyes, and sobbing, he exclaimed, 'My wife, my poor children!' for he was the father of a family—a son six years old, a daughter just learning to walk, and a nursing in the helplessness of extreme infancy.

James entered his dwelling—the place, his approach to which had ever been the signal of joy to its poor but happy inmates, whose little wants he had always supplied with a twofold delight of a happiness both imparted and received; he entered, and his wife and children ran to embrace him. James clasped them in his arms, but his sorrowful and desponding looks evinced, to the quick discernment of his wife, that some secret uneasiness was preying on his mind.

'Dear husband, what is the matter?—Has any misfortune happened to you?'

'No more work,' replied James, as he sunk upon his chair.

'No more work?' repeated the poor mother, in a voice of agony. 'No more work?' echoed little Francis; and the three looked at each other with an air of stupefaction.

James wept no longer; it was his duty to give them an example of resignation; but the burning tears of the anxious mother fell on the little hands of the infant she held in her arms, and the innocent smile of the babe reinvigorated the mother and wife.

'Don't despair, James, to-morrow you may perchance find something to do.—God is our Father, and while He is rich in love, we shall not want.'

'O yes, wife, I will look for work; here are my eighteen francs for the week's work; make them last as long as possible.'

Francis was soon despatched with ten francs to pay the baker; it was the amount of a whole week's consumption, and the credit of the poor is limited.

Next day James left home very early to look for work, but all his efforts were ineffectual. In vain he depicted the distress of his family, in vain he exhibited the certificate of his good character; most of the factories were idle. He returned, and his wife asked him no question; the dejection of his countenance sufficiently attested his want of success.

A week passed in the same manner, and every evening James came home more wretched than the preceding, while the intense coldness of the winter still increased the sufferings of his family.—The children were kept in bed, for James had no more wood; the poor little things had no supper—it was Saturday night, and the baker had refused any more bread on credit. Already the mother, deprived as she was of food, could afford her babe but little nourishment, and the restlessness of the poor innocent betrayed its hunger.

Meantime the two other children awoke and crying, asked for bread. On hearing this, James became desperate. Smiting his forehead with his clenched hand, he hurried to and fro across his chamber, exclaiming, 'There is wealth enough around us—superfluous wealth; the unfeeling rich revel in abundance, and prodigally waste more than would suffice to keep these poor babes from starving.—Why do they not search out the dwellings of the needy, and prevent crime, by relieving those small, but emergent wants, which too often prompt its perpetration?'

There was reason in this madness, but James permitted it to carry him too far, and he brooded over it until his disordered mind settled in a desperate and ruinous determination. He sat down, looking towards his wife with a vacant stare.

'You look at me,' said she, 'and yet you appear not to see me! James, my dear, tell me what ails you?'

'Nothing! nothing! wife—they weep, they are famished—they shall have bread.'

So saying, he rushed out of the room,

and disappeared. His wife uttered a piercing scream; 'James! James! where are you going?' But James did not hear her; the slamming of the alley door announced to her that her husband was already in the street. Poor wife! unhappy mother! your presentiment is just; the thought of crime has entered his paternal heart!

It was eleven. From the severity of the weather, the obscure street in which he lived was almost deserted. The first person James met was a workman, returning from his day's labor, singing merrily. 'Ah!' said he to himself, 'he is happy; he has work, or at least he has no children starving with hunger; pass on, comrade; you have nothing to fear from me.'

He again heard the hasty footsteps of some one approaching; it was a young man wrapped up in a large cloak, the scarlet lining of which was conspicuous at a distance. James rushed upon him, and seizing him by the arm, 'Your purse!' cried he with a terrible voice, 'your purse!'

'My friend,' said the young man, startled at his sudden appearance, 'you are following but a wretched business; but I will satisfy you; here is my purse.'

'How much is there in it?'

'Three louis, I believe, and two five franc pieces.'

James took out of the purse the two five franc pieces only, and gave the rest back to its owner. 'Sir,' said he in a milder tone, 'I only want ten francs, and left him.'

The astonished young man followed the robber with his eye, and saw him hurry into a neighboring bakery; he soon came out with a loaf under his arm, and disappeared in the darkness. He readily conjectured that necessity alone had driven this man to the commission of crime; and he himself entered the shop. 'Who is the person that just bought a loaf here?' inquired he.

'Ah! sir,' answered the baker's wife, 'he is a poor mechanic, burdened with a family; he lives in yonder house, in the fifth story, where you see the light in the window. He owed me ten francs, which he has just paid me; they are very honest folks, but we can't afford long credit to the poor.'

'Right, madam, answered the stranger; here are ten francs more; furnish them with bread till that sum is exhausted; I will see you again.'

James went home; he dashed the bread on the table. 'There, wife! let the children eat, and eat yourself; as for me, I have no appetite; they will not want for bread this week; I have made an arrangement with the baker.' And he went to bed. His slumbers were broken and uneasy, and his wife heard him mutter the words 'robber, highway robber!'

Daylight appeared; James did not go out; he seated himself in the window to breathe freely. It was already ten; but his wife had not dared to say a word to him, so gloomy and dejected did he appear. From the window where he sat motionless, he perceived two men—one of them wore a cloak with scarlet lining! He mechanically drew back into the room, and ran towards the staircase.

The two strangers were already coming up—his self-possession left him; despair was imprinted on his features; his complexion assumed the lividness of death; he folded his wife and children in his wild embrace, and passing into a closet adjoining the room, he closed the door after him.

Meantime some one knocked, and James' wife saw two strangers enter.—'Madam,' said one of them, 'you are poor; I have brought you some assistance.'

'Ah! sir, Heaven has sent you! O yes, yes, we are indeed poor!—James! James! come here; I told you so: I said we should not want.' But James answered not. His wife rushed into the closet—nobody was there!

At the same instant frightful cries resounded in the street; a large crowd assembled round the door—they raised a man who had just thrown himself from the fifth story window—it was the mangled and lifeless body of James!

From the Churchman.

GOD'S DWELLING PLACE.

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite one.—Isaiah lvii: 15.

Thou'rt throned above the stars, O God!
the sky

Whose lustrous glories wake our awe
and praise,

Is but the pavement of thy home on high,
The faint reflection of those fires that
blaze,
Circling thy presence, and whose rays in-
weave,
Splendors which mortal thought can ne'er
conceive.

Archangels winged speed at thy least com-
mand,

Heaven's armies wait thy bidding to fulfil,
In dazzling phalanx round thy throne
they stand,

Or march obedient to thy sovereign will;
Harp strings of seraphs with thy praises
ring,

While angel legions hail thee for their
King.

And for thy footstool see this earth out-
spread—

This beauteous earth! with garniture of
flowers—

And grass-clad valley—and the mountain
head

Wreathed with eternal snows—where
summer hours

Pass by and leave no fragrance, nor let fall
One blossom on the icy coronal.

The foaming torrent which has thundering
roar'd

On through the lapse of ages still the
same,

Its mighty waters by thy hand are pour'd
From cliff to cliff—its rainbows bear thy
name

Within their sevenfold beauty—on its high-
top't spray

Is written GOD—in characters of day.

And all the mass of forest trees which
bend

Before the whirlwind in its awful wrath,
And all the world of flowers whose beau-
ties blend

Brightly luxuriant round our daily path,
The birds, the blessed birds that high up
spring,

Are thine, O Lord, and thine the praise
they sing.

The dark deep ocean with its secrets
strange,

Its hoard of untold treasures, and its
power

Which shadows thine, where we can trace
no change,

Ever mysterious as at that first hour
When thou didst stay its heavings, all its
waves are thine,

And fires which on its darkened bosom
shine.

And these, all these, what are they but a
part

Of thy works, mightiest?—Omnipotent
art thou?

And canst thou dwell within the lowly
heart?

Canst stoop from heaven to where thy
creatures bow

In self-abasement, and the hearts revive
Of slowly contrite ones, and bid them live?

Thou canst—where'er one humble servant
pines

For the clear waters of his better home,
Longs for those mansions where thy pres-
ence shines,

Prays that thy Spirit in his heart may
come,

And loves thee, Lord, and fears all sinful
thrall,

There wilt thou dwell, Maker and God of
all.

And as the parched and thirsty earth grows
green

Where fall the rain drops, and the lan-
guid flowers

Bloom brighter, where thy dews of grace
have been,

Beauty and sweetness light the darkest
hours;

And softened glories of thy heaven we
trace,

Where thou hast made the lowly heart thy
dwelling place. J. C.

Moral Tales.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

CLARA MAITLAND:

OR, WILL YOU BE A MISSIONARY?

If there is a character in the wide dra-
ma of life that should command univer-
sal admiration, it is the Christian Mis-
sionary. The pleasures he forfeits and
the ties he is called to sever, are common
to all, and all may read the strength of
his devotion. It is a hard thing to break
away from the endearments of home and
the friends of our youth—to exchange all
that we love in the land of our birth, for
a life of hardship and privation in the
clime of the savage.

But if circumstances can increase the
self-denial necessary, Edwin Atley was
surrounded by all that could give value
to the sacrifice. He was in the spring-
time of life, friends and fortune were
smiling upon him, he worshipped at the

shrine of ambition; while his fine and cultivated talents promised him the meed of fame. In the midst of high hopes and bright prospects he was not satisfied.—He turned to the Saviour and found true happiness, and with the whisper of peace came also the injunction, 'Preach my gospel.' It was long before he became reconciled to obey the command—to relinquish his hopes of worldly honor to proclaim the gospel of the meek and lowly Jesus; but he feared the reward of disobedience and submitted; he saw by faith the eternal crown of the faithful, and he began to rejoice though with fear and trembling in his high and holy vocation.

Now a severer trial waited him. He was a chosen missionary of the cross. A deep sense of unfitness weighed down his spirits, and worldly objections claimed a full share of consideration. A mother would weep over the absence of her only son, an aged father would mourn for the object of his doating affections, and Clara Maitland—would she go with him?—True, she possessed no small degree of missionary spirit, but she was the hope, the stay of her family, and could she leave them?

It was a lovely evening in June. Edwin was at the side of his betrothed, silent and abstracted, apparently forgetting in his own meditations that he was not alone. At length, as if awaking to the present and summoning courage to break the silence that was becoming oppressive, he spoke. 'Clara,' said he, 'we have often spoken of the future. I have told you of the high and holy calling in which I am to spend my life; I have mentioned the burning desire of my soul to do good in my day and generation, and though all weakness I have ventured to express my reliance on Almighty aid. I have cared little where would be my allotted portion of the work, leaving the appointment to him who doeth all things well. But of late new and thrilling im-

pressions have wrought upon my mind. For months past the heathen have been continually in my thoughts, and a voice within—a voice I cannot stifle—is saying, 'go unto them.' I believe it is the call of duty, and I must obey. Others shall preach Christ to the dying mortals of our own lands, I go to proclaim the gospel of his salvation to the perishing heathen.'

'Can you go?' said Clara.

'Yes, I can go, but I struggled long before I could say so. I can resist no longer. Clara, we have talked of the green isles of the Pacific, we have rejoiced together that the sun of righteousness is piercing the darkness of their night.—I go to them. O, that I may reflect some ray of those life-giving beams! I shall embark with the expedition now fitting for that mission. Clara, will you go with me? Can you force the ties that bind you to your home and friends? Can you leave your native land for the home of the savage? Can you endure privation and toil to bring those erring ones to God, to gain a crown studded with unfading stars?'

Clara was surprised at the resolution of Edwin; as he proceeded her emotion increased, and when he closed with this appeal to herself, she sobbed aloud; then endeavoring to restrain her feelings she replied,

'I would go with you, my heart approves your noble enterprise, but my family—no, Edwin, no, I cannot go. I will watch over my father's dying pillow, I will look upon his last sleep, I will sustain my mother in her declining years, and help her rear those precious children. I cannot go.'

The reply was almost expected and yet it fell heavy on the heart of Edwin; but with such sacred ties to bind her to her home, he could not urge her to go, and they walked on in silence to the house of Clara. He bade her good evening and returned to his own dwelling, a prey to

sadder thoughts than he had known since his late determination.

Clara was not wrong in her prophecy of her father's decease. Consumption had been long preying upon him, and now he was indeed fast hastening to the grave. A week passed and he sank in its unbroken sleep. And how was it with his bereaved partner? She was, it is true, the deepest mourner, but she did not sink, as Clara had feared, beneath the weight of her affliction. She seemed rather endowed with new strength and new energy to perform her new and arduous duties.— Clara was rejoiced at her calmness, but she could not resolve to give her new sorrow by leaving her in her loneliness. She did not even say that such an idea had crossed her mind, though her thoughts were continually with the missionaries till they embarked, and then they followed their course on the sea to the distant isle of their destination.

Months passed on and there came returns from the island missions, reports of continued success, and mention of the safe arrival of the timely and valuable reinforcement. There was also a letter for Clara. Edwin had related minutely the history of his voyage and reception by the mission family; he had dwelt on the prospects that cheered their labors and his own encouraging hopes of the future, and finally had besought her, if any change in her family should enable her to leave, to come and join them. There had been a change in the family of Clara. Her other parent had gone to the world of spirits, and she was an orphan. With true filial affection she had watched by her mother's dying couch, had received her last charge, the sacred trust of her younger sister and brother, and closed her eyes in death. She could not neglect her charge, she could not betray her trust; no, she could not go yet. Such was the substance of her reply to Edwin, and after it was despatched if possible she felt

more than ever the loneliness of her situation; still she applied herself assiduously to her sisterly and almost maternal duties.

The letter arrived, but it gave no joy to Edwin. He felt the loneliness of his lot, and, though unwilling to return, wished for companionship with those he had loved at home. He heard too of his mother's declining health, and her ardent desire to see him again, and he resolved to visit his native land the first opportunity.

He arrived in safety, with joy he pressed his foot upon the soil he loved, and hastened to the home of his parents.— They welcomed him as one from the dead, for they had not expected his return. With childish fondness they would hardly lose him from their sight, but he left them for a day to visit the object of his youthful love. As he approached the dwelling he could but remark the silence and gloom that reigned about it. A stranger opened the door, he inquired for Clara, and was shown into the room that had been the scene of some of his happiest hours. She was sitting opposite the door with her face buried in her hands. He approached, but she did not move. He spoke, she started, looked up and burst into tears. She extended her hand; he took it and sat down. Soon she became calmer, she opened the door of an adjoining room and pointed to the lifeless forms of her last surviving relatives. Edwin feared to intrude on the sanctity of grief and departed, but in a few days he returned. He spoke of her bereavement, said she had now nothing to bind her to home, and urged her to accompany him in his return.

'No,' she replied, 'I cannot go. I fear I have done wrong; I refused to go while I had friends to love, and now I have nothing dear but their graves, I will not go. I dare not offer on the altar of sacrifice a heart that is lone and desolate.'

'Say not so,' returned Edwin, 'you

have stayed to fulfil the most sacred of duties, and now they are done. Your parents, your brother and sister have claimed and have received your care.— They need it no more. They have gone to their reward, and you can do no more for them. Who now has claims stronger than the heathen? Listen to the voice of their appeal. Let your heart feel for them as it did in time past. Think of Otaheite. Clara, will you not go?

She did go, and it is hardly necessary to say, has been a beloved and useful auxiliary to the devoted band of missionaries there.

ANNA.

Lowell, Nov. 21, 1840.

MARY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Mary Young was a native of Germany. She came to America sometime about the year 1764—5, and settled near Germantown, in the State of Pennsylvania, together with her mother and several sisters, all of whom were young women. They had suffered persecution in their native country, and therefore sought an asylum here. Finding that their peculiar and secluded habits drew upon them the gaze of curiosity, they left Germantown, and sought out a sequestered spot among the hills of Oley, in the county of Berks, Pennsylvania, where, by the most incredible labor they cleared a few acres of land on the side of a mountain, and there erected a neat little cottage, in which they passed the remainder of their days. A small enclosure near the cottage, now contains all that is left of the family of love, the last of whom was Mary, who survived her last relation near forty years, during which time she lived alone, passed her leisure in deeds of charity and good will to her neighbors, and in love and adoration of her Maker. She visited the sick, and administered to their wants; but never tarried to eat or to converse with them on common topics of conversation. Her language, which was always in her native tongue, was elegant; her manner and countenance mild and benevolent; her opinions liberal and rational; and her worship pure. Her cottage was a temple hallowed to the Lord, from which ascended the incense of prayer and praise, pure and undefiled as could arise from the human heart.

Her little territory was the abode of peace and tranquility, on the side of the mountain; a few acres of beautiful upland meadow surrounded it. For many years it was enveloped in an impervious forest; its site could be ascertained only by the smoke which curled above the tops of the trees. Not a cat or a dog or any other domestic companion had she, except a cow, for whose bed she collected the dry leaves of autumn. Her food was composed of fruits and vegetables, and she quenched her thirst in the limpid mountain spring—an apt emblem of that living fountain of which her spirit drank and whose stream leads to everlasting joy and felicity.

Finding herself weak and languishing, she crept to the edge of the mountain, and there waited with un murmuring patience, till she was perceived, to crave the charity she had so often bestowed on others. She was seen and pitied. A kind friend attended on her to smooth her pillow, and to witness her happy exit.— She bore the most excruciating agony without a murmur; continually giving thanks to her Redeemer for the grace which imparted fortitude to resist complaint.

From the weakness of an infant, she was endued with strength at last to raise herself on her knee, and offer up an ardent prayer, after which she returned to her bed, and closing her own eyes, fell asleep in Christ Jesus, on Tuesday the sixteenth of November, 1819, aged seventy-four.

She had desired to be laid in the little enclosure which contains the graves of her mother and her sisters, without parade, and in a plain manner, but the affection of her neighbors drew together a large congregation, who felt in her end how sweet it was to *die in the Lord*.

APPEARANCES.

Think not because the eyes are bright,
And smiles are laughing there,
The heart that beats within is light,
And free from pain and care.
A blush may tinge the darkest cloud,
Ere Sol's last rays depart,
And underneath the sunniest smile
May lurk the saddest heart.

Mirth's sudden gleam may light the cheek,
Though joy be far away,
As blossoms oft adorn the tree
That's hastening to decay:
Alas! 'tis but the varying hue
Of April's wayward hours—

A sunbeam bursting brightly through,
When all behind are showers.

For there are pangs the sorrowing heart,
Will oft in darkness shroud,
That lurk within the lonely depths
Like lightning in the cloud:
As falls the shadow on the path,
When bright the sunbeams glare,
Whichever way our thoughts are turned,
That darksome shape is there.

Though brightly o'er the hollow cheek
The smile, the laugh may break;
Like bubbles bursting on the breast
Of Acheron's dark lake:
They are but outward signs to hide
The deadly pangs we feel,
As o'er the lone and mouldering tower
The rose is taught to steal.

Records of Woman.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

MARY OF GUISE.

Concluded from page 164.

Mary, in all her transactions against the liberties of Scotland and the toleration of Protestantism, had acted in opposition to her own views of policy. Instigated by the influence of the House of Guise, she had pursued *their* policy, not her own.—Still, she probably united with them in the secret hope of crushing the Protestant party in Scotland by French power; and thus forcing a passage to the crown of England. Perhaps her ambition was dazzled by the glittering of the crown of her Southron foes.

After Mary had recovered the lost cities, the leaders of the Protestant party, finding themselves unable to keep the field successfully, agreed upon a truce; the principal condition on the Queen's part being the evacuation of Scotland by the French army. To this the wily princess agreed, merely to gain time until more troops could be obtained from France.

This barefaced duplicity alarmed the Scottish noblemen of her own party.—They saw that old Scotia's liberties were the game contested for by the ambitious French; and many of them forsook her standard. The principal of whom was the Duke of Chatelherault.

The accession of Francis 2nd to the

crown of France, in 1559, brought that kingdom almost entirely into the power of the haughty Dukes of Guise; and they prepared to perfect their designs in Scotland. To strike a decisive blow, and if possible to awe their opponents, they determined to sacrifice the Protestant Earl of Arran to their fury. A resident in France, this nobleman had long watched their dangerous designs, and had long been an object of their hatred. Hearing of their plot against his life, he escaped. Passing thro' England, Elizabeth encouraged him to rigorous measures against his opponents, and his presence in Scotland served not a little to fan the flame of public excitement against the Queen and her French allies. To this incentive to renewed hostility were added the arrival of more French soldiers and the forcible seizure of the Church of St. Giles in Edinburg, which had for some time been in the hands of the Protestants.

A plan was formed to surprise the Queen and her French troops in Leith and Edinburg, but owing to her wariness and rigor, was defeated: and the soldiers of the congregation disbanded.

Though defeated, they were not wholly discouraged. A meeting of Protestants was called. Dukes, earls, freeholders and gentlemen crowded to the conclave. The grievances of Scotland, religious and civil, were solemnly discussed, and it was voted to dismiss the Queen from the Regency.

This was a bold step, to be followed with bold measures. Again the nobles summoned their faithful followers to the field, and again they were beaten back defeated, and so discouraged, that they retreated to Stirling. Now, the Queen triumphed in her success, and hoped soon to see the pride of Scotland subdued. But for once, she was seriously mistaken.

She had scarcely rejoiced in the defeat of the congregation, before she was astonished by the defection of her secretary—the able and politic William Maitland of Lethington.

Upon joining the enemies of the Queen Regent, he urged his new friends to seek immediate and decisive aid from Elizabeth

of England. This being their only hope, the lords of the congregation despatched him at once to her court. There he succeeded to admiration in enlisting that jealous sovereign in his cause.

It was on the 23rd of January, 1560, when the French were returning from the defeat of a brave body of Scottish troops at Kirkcaldy, that they perceived a powerful fleet sailing up the Frith of Forth. Supposing it to be from France, they were filled with immoderate transports of joy, and even fired their cannon in token of their satisfaction. But their joy soon turned into dismay, when they saw the lion of England rampant at the mast-head of the Admiral's ship. It was the fleet of Elizabeth, sent thus promptly to aid the Scottish congregation in defending their liberties. In this fleet an army succeeded early in the Spring. The French retired into Leith, and defended themselves with great obstinacy and bravery for an extraordinary length of time. They evacuated Scotland at last, in agreement with a treaty formed between England and France after the death of the Queen, which we must now relate, in the words of that sweet and polished historian, Robertson.

"June 10, 1560. The Queen Regent died during the heat of the siege. No princess ever possessed qualities more capable of rendering her administration illustrious or the kingdom happy. Of much discernment and no less address; of great intrepidity and equal prudence; gentle and humane without weakness; zealous for her religion, without bigotry; a lover of justice without rigor. One circumstance, however, and that too the excess of a virtue rather than any vice, poisoned all her great qualities and rendered her government unfortunate and her name odious.—Devoted to the interests of France, her native country, and attached to the princes of Lorraine, her brothers, with most passionate fondness, she departed in order to gratify them, from every maxim which her own wisdom or humanity would have approved. She out-lived in a great measure, that reputation and popularity which had

smoothed her way to the highest station in the kingdom; and many examples of falsehood, and some of severity, alienated from her the affections of a people who had once placed in her an unbounded confidence."

"A few days before her death, she desired an interview with the Prior of St. Andrew, the Earl of Argyll, and other chiefs of the congregation. To them she lamented the fatal issue of those violent counsels which she had been obliged to follow; and with the candor natural to a generous mind, confessed the errors of her own administration, and begged forgiveness of those to whom she had been hurtful: but at the same time she warned them, amidst their struggles for liberty and the shock of arms, not to lose sight of the loyalty and subjection which were due to their sovereign. The remainder of her time she spent in religious exercises. She even invited the attendance of Willcox, one of the most eminent among the reformed preachers, listened to his instructions with reverence and attention, and prepared for the approach of death with a decent fortitude." W.

The Mother.

DUTIES OF PARENTS.—Why are cases so frequent in which the children of virtuous parents grow up vicious and abandoned? There are many nice and delicate adjustments necessary to secure the *highest* and *best* results in the education of a child, but the principles necessary for tolerable success must be few and simple. There are two, which we wish we had a voice loud enough to thunder in the ears of every parent in the country; the breach of one or the other of which will explain almost every case of gross failure on the part of virtuous parents which we have ever known. They are these:

1. Keep your children from bad company.
2. Make them obey you.

Habits of insubordination at home, and the company of bad boys abroad, are the two great sources of evil, which undo so much of what moral and religious instruction might otherwise effect. What folly to think that a boy can play with

the profane, impure, passionate boys, which herd in the streets six days in the week, and have the stains all wiped away by being compelled to learn his Sunday school lesson on the seventh; or that children who make the kitchen or the nursery scenes of riot or noise, from the age of three to eight years, will be prepared for any thing in after life, but to carry the spirit of insubordination and riot wherever they may go. No! children must be *taken care of*. They must be governed at home, and kept from contaminating influences abroad, or they are ruined. If parents ask, how shall we make our children obey? We answer in the easiest and pleasantest way you can, but at all events, *make them obey*. If you ask, how shall we keep our boys from bad company? We answer, too, in the easiest and pleasantest way you possibly can, but at all events, if in the city, *keep them out of the streets*; and wherever you are, *keep them from bad company*. The alternative, it seems to us, is as clear and decided as any which circumstances ever made up for man; you must govern your children, and keep them away from the contamination of vice, or you must expect to spend your old age in mourning over the ruins of your family.

J. Abbott.

FEMALE FAITH.

She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet—she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept,
The gayest of the gay;
The pride the blight of time has swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved you most.

Oh, such the generous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest.

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes, where there are no children—'where,' as the good German has it, 'the fly-flaps always hang straight on the wall'—tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race, to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections—to give our souls higher aims, and call out all our faculties to extend enterprise and exertion;—to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul bless the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children!—*Mary Howitt.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MISS CATHARINE WATERMAN.

A mother's love, the fadeless light
That glimmers o'er our weary way,
A star amid the clouds of night,
An ever-burning quenchless ray,
A guardian power, through good and ill,
Where'er the truant footsteps rove,
A ceaseless, flowing, sparkling rill,
A fount of hope, a mother's love.

A mother's love, it whispers first
Above the cradled infant's head,
And when those human blossoms burst,
Her bosom's still the floweret's bed.
When their bright summer day has past,
And autumn clouds hang dark above,
It lingers round us to the last,
That dearest boon, a mother's love.

And yet how oft our footsteps roam,
Through pleasure's bright, alluring maze
Forgetful of the ties of home,
And all the joys of earlier days.
But, there's a charm to lure them back,
And like the weary, wandering dove,
The heart retreads its childhood's track,
To that one ark, a mother's love.

The Literary Gatherer.

"I'm but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."

COLLOQUY.

Soon after the revolutionary war, Capt. P., a brave yankee officer, was at St. Petersburg in Russia, and while there accepted an invitation to dine—there was a large number at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who wished to appear one of the knowing ones. This

lady on understanding that an American was one of the guests, expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened on him like a tigress, making many inquiries respecting our habits, customs, dress, manners, and mode of life, education, amusements, &c. &c. To all the inquiries, Capt. P. gave an answer that satisfied all the company, except the lady: she was determined not to be satisfied, and the following short dialogue took place:—

Lady—Have the rich people in your country any carriages? for I suppose there are some that call themselves rich.

Capt. P.—My residence is in a small town upon an Island, where there are but few carriages kept, but in large towns and cities upon main land, there are a number kept in a style suited to our republican manner.

Lady—I can't think where you find drivers, for I should not think the Americans knew how to drive a coach.

Capt. P.—We find no difficulty on that account, madame; we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them.

Lady—(speaking rather quickly)—I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans.

Capt. P.—We did madam, in the late war; but since peace, we permit the English to drive us!

The lady, half choked with anger, stood mute a minute, and then left the room, whispering to her friend—the Yankees are too much for us in the cabinet, as well as in the field.

MUSK.—Of all odors, the most intolerable to those who do not use it, is musk. Many persons are inconvenienced by it to such a degree, that they could not stay for five minutes in a room containing the minutest quantity of it. It is also the odor which adheres the longest. A coat upon which musk has been thrown will smell of it at the end of two years, though it may have been during the whole time exposed to the open air; but in apartments it will endure almost forever. The late Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and, above all, of musk. Her dressing room at Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Twenty-five years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison, M. Hagerman, has had the walls repeatedly washed and

painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been able to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

BENEVOLENCE.—When death would deprive a man of the possession of his property, there can be no benevolence in his giving it away. True, many such bequests are benevolent in their operation, and some doubtless are so in intention, but then the "last will and testament" must harmonize with the previous conduct of the individual, or men will not give much credit to the real charity of the testator.

No truly good man ever waited till he made his will for an opportunity to do good.

AVARICE.—Never has the avaricious man enough, and never is he happy. He has no relish for the enjoyments of life, and deprives himself of its necessities to increase his riches. He fancies himself indigent, and trembles with the apprehension that he will yet have to beg his bread. By degrees he withers away, without having conferred a single benefit upon his species, and the fruits of his selfishness are left to his heirs, who do not even respect his memory.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.—The sphere of woman is constantly enlarging, as she becomes qualified by a better education, and is encouraged by Christian philanthropy to exert more and more, her power of doing good. H.

CONVICTION.—Every man has the power of executing whatever he is fully convinced of.

Editorial.

THE NEW YEAR.—Ladies, we make you our most polite bow, and with warmest sincerity wish you a happy new year.—Yes, a *happy* one. May it be free from stormy misfortune, gnawing grief or silent despair. May the 'blessed sun' of golden prosperity shine upon you. May innocent pleasures, like Spring flowers, bestrew your path. May the unspotted snows of January be the fit emblems of your purity—may the silent bosom of the unruffled

lake be but a faint image of your placidity and peace, and the merry, dancing sunbeams of June, the symbols of your happiness. To our married patrons, we wish peace and '*olive plants round their table.*' To our maiden friends, marriage and prosperity.

For our own parts, we shall not be idle in catering for your amusement. We shall make *your* 'Pearl' the repository of story and song, essay and tale. We shall ransack the stores of literary treasures, plunge deep into the ocean of truth for 'pearls' to deck the mind, and soar (as far as we can!) up 'Parnassian heights' to procure the sweets of poesy. Nay, fair reader, do not smile at our promises; for we are no knight at lady's feet vowing what we never mean to perform; but a plain, unpretending, honest suitor for your favor, fully intending all we say—yes, and ready to defend our honor with goose quill or steel pen, on paper or parchment, against the assaults of any, who may have the temerity to attempt to sully it, even with a word!

In return for all this, we simply ask your approbation and patronage. You smile and say you will give it. Thank you, lady; now we will tell you a *secret*. Yes, a *secret* that you must not, for a universe, disclose, except to *particular friends*!—Hush! let us whisper it in your ear for fear the birds should hear it. We mean to continue to make the 'Ladies' Pearl' the best literary periodical, for its price, in the country. This is our secret—be sure you keep it.

RELIGION.—The religion of the heart, which consists in affections devoted to the CREATOR and to MAN, is a gift worthy of an angel's ambition. No other man stands on an elevation of equal height with the christian, for

'Christian is the highest style of man.' The philosopher, though he have found the key that unlocks the mysteries of a universe, is beneath him, as much as the wisdom of the world is inferior to the wisdom from above. The proud potentates and merchant princes of the earth are as

inferior in dignity and worth as the duration of their honors and possessions is shorter than those immaterial but real possessions built and made by Jehovah for every lover of God and of his species. In a word, he only, who has sought and obtained practical, inward religion, has reached the true standard of his being. All else live beneath that standard. They have not felt the stirring of the Divinity that dwells within. *Sense* has triumphed over *soul*. Mortality over immortality. Sight over faith. The result is, that mortality is crushed by the weight of its own triumph, and both natures tumble into one common ruin. How important then, is religion. Let none despise it, since he who does this, laughs, maniac-like, at the only kind genius that can give him happiness.

A WIDOW'S ZEAL FOR HER SEX.—It is said by D'Israeli, that a printer's widow in Germany, while an edition of the bible was being printed in her establishment, went into the office at night, and altered the sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Gen., chap. 3, 16 v. She altered the sentence from 'he shall be thy lord,' to 'he shall be thy fool.'

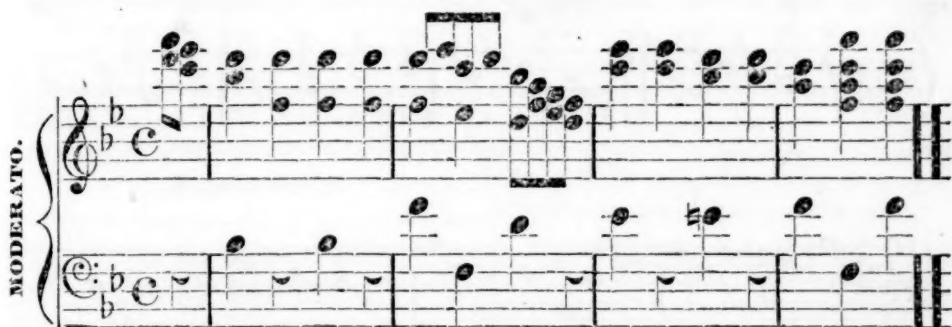
Probably, this piece of wit was the result of spleen due to a departed husband which she meant to pay off upon the whole sex. But she paid dearly for her sacriligious revenge, since her life was forfeited for her joke on the male sex.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several essays are on hand. Some of them shall appear in due time. Our correspondents, who adopt this, *but too unpopular*, form of composition, will please *remember* the old motto of 'multum in parvo.'

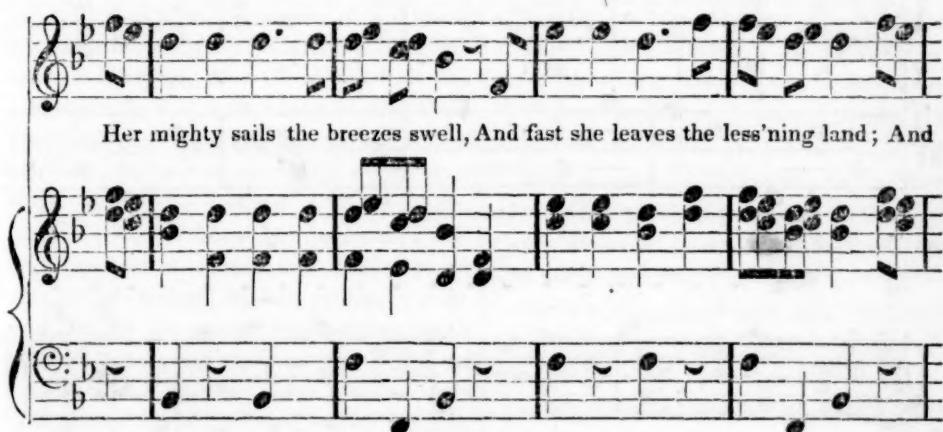
OUR NEXT NUMBER will contain a beautiful tale from the polished pen of our popular correspondent, Mrs Orne. It is crowded out of this number for want of space. By the way, we think Mrs. O.'s writings among the sweetest and best of the productions of our lady authors in the country.

HER MIGHTY SAILS THE BREEZES SWELL.

MODERATO.



Her mighty sails the breezes swell, And fast she leaves the less'ning land; And



from the shore the last farewell Is waved by many a snow - y hand; And



weeping eyes are on the main, Un - til its verge she wanders o'er; But

from the hour of part - ing pain, That bark was never heard of more.

Sva. - - - - -

2.

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer.
And, O! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;
Say, were they quenched in waters cold?
For she was never heard of more!

3.

When, on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'midst the blinding wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!